ON THE SUNSET TRAIL.

The Fate That Befell a Faithful Mail Carrier.

Danny Redmond was the mail carrier on the Sunset trail, and he fully realized the importance of his position. Traffic might stagnate, civilization might pall, but the United States mail must go right ahead, and on schedule time at that. As for the Sunset trail, it wound its way far over the dreary plains of Kansas, across the Cimmarron, and on and on into the great state of the Lone Star.

But Danny's route only extended to Crooked Creek, a town consisting of a grocery store. At this time the population of Ford county could have been easily corralled on a quarter section, and had comfortable standing room at that. Danny was an apostle to these lone settlers, and only one who has experienced the appalling loneliness of existence in those thinly-peopled plains, where you can see your next-door neighbor's shanty on clear days only, can realize the joy with which they heralded this blue-eyed, brown-haired bunch of turbulence.

"Two o'clock," would comment some unkempt denizen, consulting the sun. "Danny'll be here in ten minutes."

Then they would look till their eyes ached afar to where the Sunset trail tipped over the roll of prairie at the horizon. Soon their watching would be rewarded, and steadily and swiftly would the bay mare, Dolly, bear her rider down the trail in that swinging, indefatigable gallop of the mustang.

Perchance some settler coming into the post office would appreciate the best side of the road and jog along in the path that Danny chose.

"Git out o' the way of the United States mail!" would come the warning, and he would prudently "git" to the other side of the road, for Danny could and would shoot, and, besides, didn't he have everyone of those fellows down at the office to stand at his back to the last shot? So no matter how much of a fire eater the obstructer might be, he switched off when the carrier demanded the right of way.

And that was often. For that lad had the idea inculcated into his bing that all other powers, terrestrial and celestial, were secondary considerations when the United States mail was concerned, and he seized every opportunity to exercise his authority.

How longingly and expectantly those eager pioneers would watch the letters distributed! Though, perhaps, they had no grounds for expecting a letter, yet their hope did not sink until the last one was put away.

Then the return mail would be made up, and at the exact minute Danny would vault into the large Mexican saddle—almost as large as he or Dolly—and with the all-potent mail securely strapped to the girdles on each side, he would recommence his long ride, never stopping as he tried a flying shot at some unwieldy rattlesnake that had dragged its mottled form out on the rail to loll in the sun, and who would not be able to wiggle into the tall grass ere the United States mail was upon him. Along the route the settlers would come out of their shanties half bent and wave their sombreros and cheer the buoyant rider.

Wabash was the only stop. It was of the same importance as Crooked Creek, only there were two houses instead of one, or rather, a double house; for the owners of the claims that joined up there occupied a shanty of two compartments, one on each claim. Somehow or other the scamp would sit straighter in the saddle and pull Dolly's head up higher when they approached Wabash, and a pretty little peach of a girl would come out and chat with the carrier while her spectacled father's attention was riveted on the letter package. Dolly would probably think that Danny was getting rather weighty on one side as he bent low in the saddle, dangerously close to that pink sun bonnet. And the scoffing gopher that sat up conveniently close to his burrow would wonder for what reason a fellow would want to bite a pretty girl like her. But Rosie didn't seem to mind the punishment a bit. Ah, I fear Danny would feign have lingered longer at the unprepossessing post of Wabash, but—the United States mail must be carried on.

One day a cowboy came into the fort with a jaded mustang and a slash across his cheek and reported that he had been chased by a band of Arapahoes. These children of nature had grown insolent with well feeding and little work. They often became thus at irregular intervals, and breaking from the reservation swept north upon the the scattered settlers of the plains, considerably depopulating those sparsely inhabited districts. Their great father in Washington, they complained, was not giving them enough blankets, and, in consequence, they were compelled to trade their moccasins for "fire water."

Danny was preparing to start upon his route when the news came.

"You oughtn't to go, Dan," they said, "for they'll strike right up the Cimmarron like they allays do, an' mor'n likely fall afoul of you. If you do your scalp'll dangle from some red nigger's belt before mornin'."

"I'm not skeert," replied he, settling himself in the saddle, "and, besides, the folks at Wabash and at the Crick ought to be warned. And you know the mail has to go as long as it's anyways possible."

The spur touched Dolly's flank more often than usual, but she kept up bravely, and Danny clattered into Wabash ahead of time. Imparting the alarming intelligence to old man Beck, the postmaster, and cautioning him to get the family ready and start for the post without further delay, he rode on toward Crooked Creek.

"Jewhillakers!" exclaimed one of the watchers. "What's Danny ridin' so allfired fast about? Must be suthin' up."

They soon knew, and scattered for their respective claims to prepare for flight ere the storm burst.

Danny clinched the saddle tighter and looked to his weapon ere he mounted for the home ride. He was not afraid. Had he been a coward he would have remained safely at the fort. But an ominous dread fell upon him as he thought of the dark Cimmarron. He arrived at Wabash and looked in at the open door of the Beck and Lartan households. Everything was topsy-turvy as left in the hurry of departure.

"Well, Rosie is safe anyway," he confided to Dolly, with a sigh.

Their flying shadows grew longer and longer, and finally night dropped on the plains. Before him loomed the Cimmarron. He could see the misty vapor rolling up like smoke.

"If they're anywhere they'll be down there," he mused. "They'll want to lay along the trail and catch some of the settlers makin' for Dodge. Wonder if I hadn't better cross further down?"

It was a good idea, and he turned Dolly from the trail and directed his course further down the river.

The reins changed from right to left as he entered the mist, and his right fell upon the protruding butt of a revolver in his belt. A twig cracked under the horse's feet and gave the rider a start. Down into the waters of the Cimmarron they splashed. Dolly pulled at the rein.

"No, no, Doll; can't drink this time," he murmured.

He climbed the bank on the opposite side and rode out on the plain, breathing easier.

"Spang!"

Dolly bolted forward, and a flame of light flashed in the darkness up the river.

"Yip-yip-yip!" It was the war cry of the Arapahoes. The fight and flight was on. With a yell of defiance he fired at the dark mass tearing after him, and bending low over the saddle horn spoke encouragingly to the horse:

"Dolly, if you ever run, do it now. You're faster than any of them, Dolly, if you'll only try—look out for gopher hills—that's a good horse. Whew! that one was close. Now you're gettin' down to it, Dolly. We'll beat the red devils yit. On, Doll. Remember, we've got the mail, and it must be saved. Here's the trail. Now see how fast you can run. Ouch! Oh, God, I'm hit, and hit home at that. It's all with you, Dolly; it's all with you."

And he clung to the saddle horn and gave the mustang free rein.

Horse sense: we hear it alluded to in a jocular way. Did Dolly realize that in her fleet feet lay her master's only salvation? I think so, you may not. But she ran like a frightened antelope, hardly seeming to touch the ground, while Danny with closed eyes and clenched teeth clung to the saddle horn with the desperation of death.

"Halt, who comes there?" challenged the guard as a horse and rider came lounging into the fort.

"The United States mail," came the faint reply, and Dolly galloped up with blood in her nostrils, and blood on her flanks, quivering like an aspen.

"Dan, are you hurt?" queried the soldier, lifting him from the saddle.

"I'm hit dead," he replied, with a moan. They carried him into the barrack-room and the surgeon was summoned, but there was no hope, he said. It was a wonder he had lived as long as he had. Soon the news spread to the camp, and the rough soldiers and fugitive settlers gathered around him, watching with breathless interest for the end to come. A girl came pushing her way through the crowd—a scared-faced girl, wringing her hands in agony. She bent down and took the sufferer's hand.

"Rosie," said he, with a pained smile, "I'm a goner, I guess. Good-by, Rosie; you can have Dolly, and take good care of her, for she did all she could to save me. Good-by, boys. Yonder's the Cimmarron. That's a good horse, Dolly."

"Delirium," said the surgeon.

"Get out of the way of the United States mail—"

The end came. Another daring spirit had passed along that unknown trail that leads through the dark, dreary desert of death.—Charles Maurice Crayton, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Had Made Two.

In a store where canvas is sold the following conversation was heard the other day:

"Have you made any sales to-day, John?"

"Yes, I made two."

"Were they good ones?"

"Yes, large ones."

"That's good. It's a bad time of year to sell anything."

"Yes; haven't sold anything for a week."

"I thought you said you made two—"

"I meant I made two sails—sails for a boat—"

"Oh, why didn't you say so?" said the proprietor, disgustedly, as he left the place.—Buffalo Enquirer.

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

He Stands a Type of Stanch and Rugged Honesty.

The strongest party with the strongest principles and purposes offers for the suffrage of the American people the strongest personality in American public life. The national democratic convention has nominated Grover Cleveland for the presidency.

Those who met at Chicago in convention represent the great majority of the people of this country, as has been demonstrated time and again at the polls. The creed they formulated is the people's creed, articles of faith to establish and exemplify which our government was formed and must be maintained. To embody adequately in the candidate the great, honest purposes of democracy, its wholesouled devotion to the people, its courage, its convictions, its rugged honesty, its contempt for guile, its progressive spirit, its national character, was the duty before the convention, and nobly has it been discharged.

Grover Cleveland stands before the country as the type of the ruggedly honest man in public life. He is of the people and for the people, one whose whole official career has been a record of unselfish, unfaltering devotion to the welfare of the people. And this nomination has been made by the people. Short-sighted expediency has doubted its wisdom and contrived artful methods to disseminate that doubt. Rival and creditable ambitions have planned to have the result otherwise. Political ingenuity has drawn upon all its legitimate resources to bestow the honor elsewhere. But overmastering them all has been the voice of the people, speaking in tones that could not be disregarded for the man who, as mayor, as governor and as president, has illuminated by daily concrete practice the now trite but ever truthful words: "Public office is a public trust."

The personality of Grover Cleveland has been the first factor in securing to him an honor which he shares only with Jefferson and Jackson in American history. But it has not been the only factor. More conspicuously than any other man in public life Grover Cleveland is associated in the minds of the plain people with the issue on which the campaign is to be fought. Veterans remember that William R. Morrison was the pioneer in the latter day struggles against unjust taxation; scholars knew the incomparable services of John G. Carlisle to the cause, and in their several states the democratic masses know how bravely David B. Hill, Horace Boies, John M. Palmer, Isaac P. Gray, Arthur P. Gorman, James E. Campbell and William E. Russell have fought the good fight; but the one name which in the farmhouse, the prairie cabin, the factory, the mining gallery, the counting room and the workshop, in city, town and county, from Maine to Texas and from Florida to Oregon is inseparably identified with tariff reform is the name of Grover Cleveland. On the issue alone the democracy would have won. With the leader, embodying the issue, the democracy are invincible.—Albany Argus.

HER LEADER.

[From Puck.]

A TEMPORARY THAW.

Overflowing Geniality of Harrison for the Time Being.

When notified of his renomination of himself Mr. Harrison addressed Mr. Elliot F. Shepard, McKinley and other members of the national committee in the smooth and unctuous phrases he is so fond of using when he is not sure of having his own way. A great change has come over him in the last year, and it has grown on him until he actually perspires cordiality. Politicians who eighteen months ago were stopped by his footmen and not even allowed to communicate with his private secretary can go in now, shake hands with him and slap him on the back if they like. Having renominated himself through his officeholders, assisted by the Vanderbilts, he feels the necessity of relaxing his dignity for a few months and making some concessions to those who might not enthuse otherwise. He is going to be very warm-hearted now just as long as he can stand the strain. He is as genial as a chunk of ice in the July sun. He loves Blaine, loves Elliot F. Shepard, loves McKinley, loves the the newspaper men, loves everybody and everything that can help B. Harrison get four years more of office at fifty thousand dollars a year for himself with pickings for his family and his son's family, his son's wife's family and their cousins and uncles.

There is nothing cold-blooded about him now. He has thawed out. He is a generous, warm-hearted, impulsive, amiable, kindly, whole-souled, good fellow who has been slandered by the newspapers and by disappointed politicians. He will not wear a kid glove or the Harrison dynasty Vere de Vere expression of Indianapolis high life haughtiness for at least six months to come. He wishes it understood that he will be a good feller, and now is the time for Col. Abe Slupsky to chuck him in the ribs and tell him a Second ward anecdote.—St. Louis Republic.

CONTEMPORARY COMMENT.

——The democratic platform is a great, loud trumpet blare, clear in its tones, calling to battle. No one can find fault with what it says on the score of honesty and directness, and no one can accuse its authors of timidity or time-serving. The issues of the campaign are marked with distinctest outline, and whoever casts his vote for the democracy's ticket in November will know under what banner he is standing.

——The people of the democratic party have won. They look into or feel the future more truly than the trained politicians. New York will vote for Cleveland. The south will never waver. The bold declaration of the platform on the tariff will make Massachusetts, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Michigan doubtful states. Democratic principles always win when the people are brought up to the issue and see where justice lies.—Kansas City Times.

——Mr. Harrison himself recognizes this failure of protection to keep its promise of a home market by saying gleefully, immediately after congratulating Mr. McKinley on its enlargement, that reciprocity had opened "new markets abroad to our meats and breadstuffs." This is strange. If the home market has been so greatly enlarged why is it necessary to add to a foreign market that already takes $150,000,000 of breadstuffs and $120,000,000 of meat?—N. Y. World.

——The addresses of the temporary and permanent chairmen of the democratic national convention were in much better taste than were those of the officers of the republican national convention. Both Fassett and McKinley strained a great deal for effect, the former especially lugging in the names of all the republican aspirants for the presidential nomination. Owens and Wilson, on the other hand, dispensed altogether with claptrap and made strong, logical speeches which aroused enthusiasm by reason of their intrinsic merits.—Detroit Free Press.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—There are nine graduates this year from the woman's law class of the university of the city of New York.

—A building costing $19,000 has been purchased in Hartford by a syndicate of gentlemen for the accommodation of a state society for education extension.

—Bishop Brooks says the way to start a church is not to wait until a few leading families call for one, but to start the church first and call in the families afterwards.

—Two new buildings are to be erected at the Woman's college of Baltimore, one for a dormitory, the other for the girls' Latin school, in which two hundred students are now preparing for college.

—The pope has definitely refused the request that he elevate Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, to the cardinalate. It is thought that this decision is the consequence of the antagonism between the archbishop and Cardinal Gibbons.

—Among the students in the Chicago Theological seminary (Congregational) are three Christian Jews, one of whom, Rabbi Freuder, was converted in the Hebrew Christian mission, Chicago, which is conducted by Rev. B. Angel, a graduate of this institution.

—Edward Everett Hale, Jr., a graduate of Harvard class of 1883, has accepted the professorship of English literature in the Iowa State university. He was assistant professor in this course at Cornell for two years, and has recently been studying in Europe.

—Rev. Dr. Conwell, of Philadelphia, had a law practice yielding a revenue of $20,000 a year before he entered the ministry. So generous is he that he can not receive any gift from church or friends without bestowing it, or feeling tempted to bestow it, on some one else.

—The corner-stone of a new building for the Catholic university of America, in Washington, was laid recently. The new building will stand by the side of the Divinity hall. The addresses at the corner-stone laying were made by Cardinal Gibbons and Col. Charles S. Bonaparte.

—The "Yale Class-book" shows the rapid growth of the college by the size of the senior class, which will graduate with 187 men, surpassing the largest previous class by 37. Ninety-three of the class are church members, principally Congregationalists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, but almost every sect is represented. Fifty-two propose to study law, 42 go into busines, 11 study theology, 10 medicine, and 18 expect to teach.

—The official census of the United States gives an estimate of the respective wealth of orthodox Jewish and reform Jewish congregations. There are 316 orthodox organizations with a total of 57,957 members and owning $2,892,050 in church property. The reform congregations aggregate 72,892, with property valued at $6,952,925. The orthodox congregations are steadily diminishing, while the reverse is true of the reform portion of the Jewish church.

—From advance summaries from the Congregational Year Book for 1892 we find that the whole number of Congregational churches in the country is 4,986, showing a gain of 169. The total membership is 525,093, a gain of 18,261; the total additions have been 52,074, of which 30,608 were on confession. The Sunday-schools show a membership of 626,060, a gain of 12,341; young people's societies number 2,994, with a membership of 145,100; the benevolent contributions were $2,448,875, an increase of $178,714. The home expenditures were $6,791,607, an increase of $700,386.

TEACHING BABY TO WALK.

Leave the Youngster Alone and It Will Learn Time Enough.

People sometimes ask: At what age can we seat a child in a chair; when put him on his legs; how old must he be before we can teach him to walk? The answers are easy. He must not be made to sit till he has spontaneously sat up in his bed and has been able to hold his seat. This sometimes happens in the sixth or seventh month, sometimes later. The sitting position is not without danger, even when he takes it himself; imposed prematurely upon him, it tires the backbone and may interfere with the growth. So the child should never be taught to stand or walk. That is his affair, not ours. Place him on a carpet in a healthy room or in the open air and let him play in freedom, roll, try to go ahead on his hands and feet, or go backward, which he will do more successfully at first; it all gradually strengthens and hardens him. Some day he will manage to get upon his kees, another day to go forward upon them and then to raise himself up against the chairs. He thus learns to do all he can, as fast as he can, and no more.

But, they say, he will be longer in learning to walk if he is left to go on his knees or his hands and feet indefinitely. What difference does it make if, exploring the world in this way, he becomes acquainted with things, learns to estimate distances, strengthens his legs and back; prepares himself in short, to walk better when he gets to walking? The important thing is not whether he walks now or then, but that he learns to guide himself, to help himself, and to have confidence in himself. I hold, without exaggeration, that education of the character is going on at the same time with training locomotion, and that the way one learns to walk is not without moral importance.—Popular Science Monthly.